

On Friday morning I readied myself for work and went down to RTP's and picked up the window frame from the broken window in 301 and picked up the sandpaper and tools and such. RTP and Ann were there and RTP seemed out of sorts, if you please. He didn't seem to be too interested in doing anything more on 301. He seemed to think the cause is a lost one. I explained that I did not think it a lost cause. Reasons for optimism: Charlotte Moro seems to be on the side of the CHS and she may be the next mayor; the City can not afford to buy the old post office building and so will have to remain in City Hall and will have to do something about repairing and doing something for CCH; so much of Carbondale is so down on the Council that a whole new counsel may be voted in just to get rid of the present crew, who spend all their time bickering with the Mayor and do nothing for Carbondale. RTP seemed to think that we (he and I and one or two others) would be restoring the entire inside of CCH. Not true, said I. "I don't have the time or energy to do the whole building. What we are now doing is one room--to get a toehold in the building.

To make sure that the world knows that there is life in the building. We will use 301 and the place to set up our lever, if you please. We will save the building from 301. RTP seemed to hint at, but did not say, that some people think that I (and perhaps he) are crazy for doing what we are doing. Yes, I said. I know that I am crazy, and I don't care if many people laugh at me and call me a fool. What I am engaged upon--the restoration of CCH and the preservation of Carbondale and its history--is a sacred task for me. I don't need the feedback of most of the world in order to continue. I will proceed in spite of all the apathy. I will proceed in spite of the ridicule of some; Carbondale and its history and CCH are greater than any of the "little men" who find the present restoration effort to be futile. The show will go on and on.

RTP seemed to be very reassured that we (he and I) would be restoring only one of the rooms in CCH and not the entire building. RTP said some very nice things to me about my dedication and commitment to the effort and seemed to re-commit himself to helping me finish 301. I was, and am, delighted. I went into town and dropped off the broken window at Uneeda Glass Company on Lincoln Avenue. Mike Kolcun took care of the job. He is a very plain, but extraordinarily genuine and sincere, man and I liked talking to him and having him do the window. He said that the window would be ready in an hour. "Would that be OK." Yes, said I. I went from Uneeda Glass to Crocker's Paint Store and way knocked off my feet by the kindness of Roy Crocker. I identified myself and told him what I was up to and he offered advice and graciously gave me two gallons of white paint for the ceiling in 301; he also gave me a 4" brush to paint the ceiling with. He said some very nice things about the CHS and about me personally and said that "some of us don't attend meetings but we are very much behind you. We can give you things, however, to show you that we are behind you." My visit to Crocker's was extraordinarily gratifying and insulated me for the remainder of the weekend and it will carry me for a long time. I went from Crocker's to City Hall and parked and went down to Kameen's to buy some corner braces for the window that was being repaired by Uneeda. On my way into Kameen's I tapped on the window of the Goodwill Store and waved at Connie Buberniak. After my visit to Kameen's I went to City Hall 301 and shortly after my arrival there JVB walked into the room. We went up to Uneeda Glass and dropped off the

corner braces and went from there to the NEWS where JVB and I and Phil and Rosemary had a pleasant chat about do-nothing people. All talk and no words people, that is. At the conclusion of our chat, JVB and I went back to Uneeda and the window was ready. We walked down Main Street to City Hall and unloaded the paint from the car and began painting the ceiling. We worked for three or four hours and chatted all the while. The painted ceiling looks dazzling, and JVB and I were pleased with our work. At 3:30 or so we went down to Goodwill and I bought ten paperbacks on Elizabethan England. JVB selected five or six kpairs of army pants and shirts and such and told his mother he wanted them. We had quite a shopping spree at Goodwill. We went from there back to 301 and painted for about three hours more and as we were finishing the ceiling RTP arrived. RTP spackled the NE and NW and SW corners of the room and JVB and I finished up the ceiling. We were all tired by the end of the day (9 P.M. or so) and I drove JVB home and RTP went home in his truck. At the Homestead, HLRP had fresh pork steak waiting and I ate heartily and then took a bath because WSP left at 10 P.M. to pick up DWP and Nancy at Greyhound in Scranton. Nancy McCormick was the hit of the weekend. Everyone likes her. DWP and she and I ate chili at 11:45 or so when they arrived at the Homestead. On Saturday morning I got up around 9 and readied myself for work at 301. Nancy and DWP got up and were ready to go into town by about 10:45 and we went to Crocker's and again I was given some paint by Roy Crocker--one gallon for the woodwork and a small can of spackling compound (222)--very good. Roy Corcker refused to take any money for this the third gallon of paint. He said that he would allow us (the Society) to buy the paint for the walls. He was graciousness itself. We went to City Hall and I met Tomaine and Pete Smith at the counter in McDonnell's. Pete Smith is a nice guy. The 17th if fine for Saint Joseph's. I'm glad to have that all set. Tomaine and I went over to City Hall (301) and immediately painted the inside of the frames of two of the four sets of windows in 301. DWP and Nancy went to see Kurt Reed. Tomaine and I worked away on the windows. We finished them and he set about painting the light fixtures in 301 and I set about spackling corners. About 3:30 we took a half hour break and went to McDonnell's and when we returned to 301 Tomaine gave the light fixtures another coat of paint and then left and I did another coat on the window frames. As I was sitting painting frames, Jean and Ken Colville arrived in 301. Ken had just returned from an out of town trip and Jean wanted him to see the table in 301, which she will re-finish. She also wanted his opinion as to whether the drapes that she has that she wants to donate to the Society will work in 301. Ken agreed that the drapes will work. Jean has spoken to Ann and Ann will sew the drapes, or rather, will re-sew the drapes. Ken said about 301: "You certainly have done a lot of work here." It was nice to have someone like Ken Colville notice and remark on the amount of work done in 301. We had a very friendly visit and in the middle of it, DWP and Nancy reappeared. I continued to paint and DWP and Nancy went out to the Homestead in order to go out to dinner with HLRP and WSP. They went to the Ben-Mar, I later learned. I set about spackling and sanding and painting and caulking the woodwork and had just about finished up at about 7 and was in the hall on the third floor looking through the Columbia Hose Company room when I heard someone coming up the stairs. It was RTP. He was there to work on windows. Excellent. We re-sashed and installed the uptown Main Street window and the window closest to Main Street on 6th Avenue. Wonderful. As we